UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Trial of Mahatma Gandhi

Tuskegee and Washington D. C.

By CHARLES F. DOLE

Joseph Andrew Galahad

By DOMBEY SHEPHERD

Two Books About Japan

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIX. THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1922 NUMBER 10

INTERNATIONAL HYMN

O'er continent and ocean,
From city, field and wood,
Still speak, O Lord, thy messengers
Of peace and brotherhood.
In Athens and Benares,
In Rome and Galilee,
They fronted kings and conquerors,
And taught mankind of thee.

We hear, O Lord, these voices,
And hail them as thine own,
They speak as speak the seraphim
Who guard thy silent throne—
One God, the heavenly Father;
One king, the Lord above;
One Kingdom of Humanity;
One holy Law of Love!

The tribes and nations falter
In rivalries of fear,
The fires of hate to ashes turn,
To dust, the sword and spear.
Thy word alone remaineth;
That word we speak again;
O'er sea and shore and continent,
To all the sons of men.

—*John Haynes Holmes.*

Unity Fellowship is seeking to express the conviction of its members that the spirit of democracy and the spirit of religion are one. It affirms the glory and beauty latent in every human life because the spirit of God is there. The individual may be marred and scarred in the battle of life, but the divine spark is within. Dull and stupid, cruel and vicious he may seem to be, but underneath all this is the Living God. Democracy seems to free men, to give the divine in them a chance to reveal itself. No man who really understands what it means wants to reach heaven alone. If he did, he would find that he had made a mistake and was in hell. The dilemma of democracy is the same as that of the ancient theology. It is for all or for none. We can shut no man off from the fullness of life without shutting off ourselves. We can deny not one of the children of God without denying God and ourselves. When we understand this, then we can understand why the love of democracy can fill men with a religious passion; why it can call men to heroic endeavor and the highest sacrifice.

In anticipation of the presence of Lenin at the Genoa Conference, we wrote in these columns on February 9th last:

> Not the least wholesome feature of the Genoa Conference will be the matching of Lloyd-George, Poincaré and company, for the first time, against a really first-class intellect. We will wager pencils to pens that we shall learn now what little men these are who are conducting our governmental affairs.

This was a fairly confident prophecy; but we little expected, especially in the absence of Lenin himself, that the Russian delegates would walk away with the Conference, like an elephant with a shed, in the first few days of the meetings. This is exactly what happened, however! At the very first session, Chicherin had Barthou reeling and groggy. On the next day, Lloyd-George was flat on his back. Then came the German-Russian Treaty, which threw the Conference, and all the world, in fact, into a riot of amazement and terror. Not in a generation has Europe been the scene of such a *coup d'etat,* such a complete turning of the tables. The Russians—and the Germans, too, for that matter, were invited to the Conference to listen to what others said, to obey what others commanded, above all to receive the terms of servitude in which they would be received back into the family of nations. In less than twenty-four hours, they took command of the situation, and in less than a week were dictating the conditions under which Europe can be restored to peace and unity. It was just as we foresaw—the first-class intellects dominate the second and third-raters, the real diamond cuts the glass like so much cheese! We do not wonder that "Lloyd-George, Poincaré and company" have declined all these years to sit down in conference with these Russians. They at least had sense enough to forecast or to surmise their fate. But why did they, "ne'er consenting," at last "consent?"

The egotism, or short-sightedness, or whatever you wish to call the attitude of the Allies toward Germany and Russia, continues to amaze those who understand the simplest international relationships. For instance, the Allies keep Germany and Russia out of the family of civilized nations, blockading one into a condition of starvation, and taxing the other into a condition of economic bankruptcy. Then when these two nations outcast and driven to desperation make the most obvious treaty with each other, the Allies assume an attitude of injured innocence and hold up their hands in holy horror! What could more naturally follow the course of the past few years? What could be a more logical outcome of the Allies' treatment of

Germany and Russia? Can the statesmen of the victorious powers suppose that all defeated or unrecognized nations will forever remain docile servants, perfectly content to be considered outcast and uncivilized? Could not any unprejudiced high school boy have foretold such an attempted alliance? One of the worst effects of victory is this egotism which blinds the victors to the simplest facts regarding international relationships.

It is evident that, if the action of the Civil Service Reform Association is to be trusted, the Harding Administration is on the point of yielding to the political spoilsmen and thus bringing in a new period of Jacksonian debauchery. The raid upon the Engraving Bureau was evidently the climax of a series of disquieting signs, indicating that the Republican machine is resolved to make the most of its demoralizing victory in the fall of 1920. If this surmise is correct, we have another illustration of the reversions which have come upon the world since the close of the Great War, and one more field in which an old battle, long since fought through to a successful finish, must be fought through all over again. Think of being obliged to sound the bugle and rally the civil service reform forces once more! It's enough to rouse the ghosts of Dorman B. Eaton, and Carl Schurz, and George William Curtis, and Grover Cleveland, from their well-earned rest, and place them in the vanguard of the forces of militant righteousness. If the fight really has to be joined, these valiant souls will be there, we may be sure. As John Brown's soul went "marching on" with the Boys in Blue in the Civil War; and in such presence, we have the pledge anew of victory. Which is only another way of saying that, if the spoilsmen in Washington attempt to seize the government and use it in the old-time fashion, they will find themselves face to face with invisible forces of redemption, now latent and thus unobserved in the natural consciousness, which will scatter them sooner or later in headlong flight! There are many things in present-day life in America which fill us with doubt and fear, but this threatened disruption of the civil service is not one of them. An administration that plays this game is dicing with death—and the dice are loaded against it!

Ex-Governor Smith, of New York, spoke a truth of much more than local application, when he said the other day that the transit problem in New York City can never be solved. Such a confession is not usually blurted out in public, but anybody who has lived a decade in Father Knickerbocker's town knows that it is a fact. The city grows faster than subway, elevated and surface lines can be built; and these lines are themselves one of the directly contributing factors of the vast increase of population. The transit facilities, in other words, defeat the very purpose which they are meant to serve, not merely in New York but in every other municipality of the present time. And what is true of transit, is true as well of every other part of that great mechanism which makes the modern city possible! For years we have been trying desperately to keep pace with the necessities of life and comfort exacted by the massing of multitudinous hordes of people in contracted areas. Elevated and subway transit lines, sky-scraper apartment and office-buildings, gigantic railway terminals, enormous warehouses, freight-yards and market-places—all these have multiplied on a Gargantuan scale. But still we have failed to keep up—and now we are beginning to fall behind! Our cities are reaching the saturation point. Their railways can carry no more passengers. Their streets can accommodate no more automobiles, their distributive machinery can handle no more coal and food. Tomorrow's biggest domestic problem is going to be that of turning the tidal flow of population from the city to the country—of dismantling our great municipalities and scattering again their denizens. New York City is a sign not of health but of festering disease, and must be so treated!

The breakdown of liberalism before the pressing issues of the hour, would seem to be complete. The climax came when liberalism in England acquiesced in the arrest of Mahatma Gandhi, and through the potent voice of the London *Nation* urged his deportation from his native country. Nothing worse than this can be well imagined—and yet is it not, as the last block falling in a row of blocks, which began when liberals consented to the war against Germany? The failure of liberalism, in this country as well as in England, to oppose a conflict which involved from its very nature a repudiation of every liberal principle and ideal, was simply a revelation that the great nineteenth century movement had lost its soul and was thus a mere survival of a greater day. After this collapse almost anything was to be expected—acquiescence in conscription and suppression of free speech and press, indifference in England to the cause of Ireland and in America to the cause of Hayti and Santo Domingo, complete confusion on the basic issues in the strife between capital and labor. Only a fairly clear vision on the Russian problem serves in any way to redeem the record—and this is now spoiled by the English attitude toward Gandhi. Present-day liberalism is apparently ready to do justice only to the leaders and movements which do not affect home interests! It is a sorry spectacle, but it is by no means necessary to be down-hearted. A new age is simply demanding a new alignment of forces. Our business is now to organize a party, or group, which will serve the twentieth century as gloriously as liberalism served the nineteenth century.

The centenary of Ulysses S. Grant (April 27) was fittingly observed in memory of a great man rather than a great general. In this latter capacity, as a military commander, Grant's standing has long been in dispute. To us, he was pre-eminent neither as a strategist or a tactician. The siege of Vicksburg, to be sure, was a victory of the first order, but one great battle no more makes a great general than one great poem makes a great poet, or one great symphony a great composer. Not only to Hannibal, Marlborough, Turenne, Napoleon, Von Moltke, was Grant distinctly inferior, but also to his antagonist in the campaign of 1864, who fought him successfully for months with a smaller army, ill-equipped, without resources, and broken in spirit. But if Grant was not a supremely great officer, he was unquestionably a supremely great man. His were the simple and yet transcendent virtues of patience, determination, courage, humility, generosity, and love of peace. It was not genius but character that lifted him to the place of first rank in the Union army, and made him victor in the greatest war of the nineteenth century. One likes to think of such a man, of sterling native quality, serving as the right arm of Lincoln in the work he had to do. As Walt Whitman interpreted the one in immortal verse, so he interpreted the other in a less familiar but no less sympathetic poem. Addressing Grant on his homecoming from his world tour, Whitman wrote:

"What best I see in thee,
Is not that where thou mov'st down history's great highways,
Ever undimm'd by time shoots warlike victory's dazzle,
Or that thou sat'st where Washington sat, ruling the land in peace,
Or thou the man whom feudal Europe feted, venerable Asia swarm'd upon,
Who walk'd with kings with even pace the round world's promenade;
But that in foreign lands, in all thy walks with kings,
Those prairie sovereigns of the West, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois
Ohio's, Indiana's millions, comrades, farmers, soldiers, all to the front,
Invisibly with thee walking with kings with even pace the round world's promenade,
Were all so justified."

It has been our conviction for years that the church statistics solemnly published from time to time by organizations whose business it is to prove that Protestantism is prospering mightily, are the biggest joke ever perpetrated on an unoffending public. If the figures of growth in membership and attendance were true, there wouldn't be churches numerous or large enough in this country to hold the vast throngs of professing Christians. To confess doubt on this sacred subject, however, is of course blaspheming—so we don't very often get any inside testimony to substantiate our scepticism. But here comes a statement from Bishop Thomas Nicholson, of Chicago, giving the whole thing away! "In a survey of churches made recently," says this distinguished prelate, "I found that *more former members of the church had become 'backsliders' than were actually members of the churches.*" There you have it exactly! The astonishing gains in membership reported by the churches each year, are largely made up of the converts secured at revival meetings, the adolescents recruited in confirmation classes, etc. Once on the roles, these members are counted as permanent acquisitions, and then new members added to them year after year by the same process. But how many of these new members "stay put"? That is the question that is never answered or even investigated—except when an honest man like Bishop Nicholson comes along and insists upon having the facts. Then we learn that more members have actually dropped away than are now inside the churches all put together! Apply this discovery, please, to the church statistics recently published, and where do we come out?

Tuskegee and Washington, D. C.

Down in Alabama at the great Tuskegee School, for four days in early April a multitude of people saw and felt and entered into a wonderful exhibition of what real civilization can do and is doing. The special occasion was the celebration of Founder's Day and the unveiling of an heroic bronze statue to the memory of Booker Washington, born a slave. Besides the throng of students and their teachers, two thousand altogether, large numbers of friendly visitors, black and white, children of former slave-holders and also of abolitionists, had come from far and near. They were entertained for several days with the most thoughtul consideration and shown, so far as was possible in the brief time, the actual working of the numerous departments of the School, academic and industrial, the methods of the class rooms, the great trades-school buildings, the farm and model dairy, the hens and pigs, the John A. Andrew hospital where a corps of Negro physicians were carrying on free clinics, the big power-house, that furnishes light for the little school-town and pumps its water from artesian wells, We heard the marvelous and quite soul-stirring music —the trained choir, the orchestra, the fine organ, the vast volume of the melody of the Negro songs, almost enough to raise the roof of the big crowded chapel; we marched in big procession to the movement of the brass band and heard eloquent words from the lips of notable men and women of both races, all quite human and at one under the master impulse of the occasion.

The main impression, from which no one could escape, and in which all delighted, as if it had been a modern "day of Pentecost," only more beautiful,

rational and solidly useful, was a mighty sense of the prevailing spirit, which rested upon us, and lifted the crowd individually and altogether to the high, generous and humane level of our best selves. What a mob or a battle does with our animal nature, these meetings did for our spiritual manhood. A business man from New York, who had never visited Tuskegee before, said it was "a four days' moral bath." Here was a fact from the realm of the spirit, going to show, in the face of all the cynics, that this is a world where good will is the victorious power!

For what were we given to see? We saw, first, an immense and effective organization, with all sorts of material resources of machinery and power under the hands of an orderly, skilful and admirably directed body of students, workers and thinkers, as if this were the miniature of a productive State. Next, we saw and felt the tremendous motion of the friendly co-operation of men and women all of whose wills went in harmony with a common and higher will,—the furthest remove from slavery and the highest form of human activity. Thirdly, we saw the working out of a noble and worthy common purpose; we saw the actual and normal progress of a large group of human beings whose end and aim was the civilization of mankind. You could see at Tuskegee what we all live for and what makes it worth while to live. As Matthew Arnold says: "A God marshalled them, gave them their goal."

In view of this threefold perspective no one can doubt that the ideal and the practical, each at its best, are one. The work at Tuskegee fits youth to do all kinds of practical work whereby the world grows rich. But the spirit that commends the enterprise is the ideal spirit of heaven. The two belong together, each enhancing the other to its highest practical effect. The business of education, moreover, is seen to be the most practical, that is, useful and rewarding work that men can possibly do. It leads also to the most definite and necessary goal, namely, the unity of a civilized commonwealth, and a civilized world. Tuskegee is working for the enlightenment of Africa as well as for the United States. The education that goes on there is the key to the problem of civilizing the dark places of the earth—and not only the dark places but the dark souls—so many of them looking out of white faces!

You come up from Alabama to Washington, outwardly one of the splendid cities of the world. For the glory of the works of man, see the Capitol at night shining in its lustre, as if by the hand of magic. What do you see at the Capitol? You see the most startling contrast to all that went on at Tuskegee; you understand immediately why Lord Bryce, who knew all about the governments of the earth, seemed never able to assure himself that the world was better off than it was in the days of the Antonines. At Washington every element that made a bright torch of civilization in Alabama is feeble or missing.

First, you look in vain to see at the seat of our national government a grand, well co-ordinated, effective, useful organization. It is a cumbrous, clumsy, and vastly wasteful organization. Nowhere on earth is so little economy, or so much money thrown away. Look at the annual budget. How much of it goes for human welfare? What good to the world is ground out by the huge departments of the army and navy? What else but a colossal enterprise of barbarism is represented through the expenditures for the national debt? What would become of Harvard College or Columbia or Tuskegee, or of any legitimate business, if they kept a "pork-barrel" for the prosecution of their work?

Secondly, you miss the friendly spirit of co-operation at Washington. What human enterprise could prosper, if you divided its people into opposing parties, whose leaders conceived their duty to lie in frustrating each others plans? What must it do to the moral fiber of a legislator, when he must do errands for great selfish corporations, and is set to frustrate the efforts of rival business interests? How must it hurt the friendly instincts of many a good kind of man, when he has to obey the party whip and think out the terms of a tariff law, made to restrain men here and abroad from the freedom of normal trade? What type of co-operation is it, that has its chief training in bargained compromises of principles, or irrational log-rolling?

Thirdly and specially, you miss altogether at Washington the sense of any real or great purpose or motive. How can any body of men, with whatever overflowing treasury of public money, further the work of civilization without a clearly civilized purpose? They seem to be serving Mammon in Washington. A few men in our government, we trust, seek to further the purpose for which they bear responsibility. A few, we hope, are heart and soul in this enterprise. We know, however, that most of our governmental people are thinking of all sorts of things first—of being elected, of getting higher places, of what the newspapers say of them, of pleasing the party leaders. There is good human material in most if not in all of these men. But the good spirit that animated every one at the Tuskegee celebration is not in them. They have never caught it, much less invested their devotion in following it. And the nation suffers, and all the world suffers.

The obvious test of every man's action lies in the question: What is he working for? What does he wish to accomplish? His own petty ends or the chief end of man—the welfare of all, in which the man's own life has its fulfillment? Try the men who control our government by this test. Does any one suppose that our government keeps its clutch on Hayti and Santo Domingo for the good of the people there or here? Does Mr. Harding hold his political prisoners

out of regard for the welfare of mankind? Does Mr. Hughes continue to keep Russia and Mexico at arm's length for any humane purpose? Does Congress vote with the military faction to furnish plenty of naval force for the State Department to play with and bargain and threaten and maintain the balance of power and continue the barbaric old game of imperialism among the nations, in the interest of the people of the United States, or their brethren, the peoples of the world? Mr. Harding is a Baptist. Did his church ever teach him how the Golden Rule is the basis of statesmanship?

The civilization of education has arrived. It is measured in terms of good will and efficient idealism. The civilization of business is on its way. The civilization of religion, set back by the war, still moves sluggishly. The civilization of national governments has hardly begun. Its way is choked with fears and suspicions, with meddlesome treatment of neighboring nations and the boyish will to fight and destroy on the silliest grounds of provocation.

They open the houses of Congress with prayer. Does this profit our legislators? We can imagine, however, a coming time, when the spirit of prayer—the consciousness of a high calling, a fixed determination to serve the needs of man, a vision of a worthy civilization, such as prevails instinctively at Booker Washington's School, will possess the men who take public office, when selfishness will meet with continued defeat under the dome of the Capitol, when jingoism will never again rush into war, and Humanity will stand above all. Then shall travelers come from every part of the land and feel no tinge of sorrow or shame in looking at the White House or visiting the Halls of Congress.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

The Trial of Mahatma Gandhi

At the Circuit House at Shahi Bag, the trial of Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Banker commenced on Saturday noon.

Sir J. T. Strangman with Rao Bahadur Girdharlal conducted the prosecution, while the accused were undefended. The Judge took his seat at 12 noon and said there was a slight mistake in the charges framed, which he corrected. The charges were then read out by the Registrar, the offense being in three articles published in the *Young India* of September 29, December 15, of 1921, and February 23, 1922. The offending articles were then read out; first of them was, "Tampering with Loyalty"; the second, "The Puzzle and Its Solution," and the last was "Shaking the Manes."

The Judge said the law required that the charge should not only be read out, but explained. In this case, it would not be necessary for him to say much by way of explanation. The charge in each case was that of bringing or attempting to bring into hatred or contempt or exciting or attempting to excite disaffection toward His Majesty's Government established by law in British India. Both the accused were charged with the three offenses under section 124A, contained in the articles read out, written by Mr. Gandhi and printed by Mr. Banker. The words "hatred and contempt" were words the meaning of which was sufficiently obvious. The word "disaffection" was defined under the section, where they were told that disaffection included disloyalty and feelings of enmity, and the word used in the section had also been interpreted by the High Court of Bombay in a reported case as meaning political alienation or discontent, a spirit of disloyalty to Government or existing authority. The charges having been read out, the Judge called upon the accused to plead to the charges. He asked Mr. Gandhi whether he pleaded guilty or claimed to be tried.

Mr. Gandhi: I plead guilty to all the charges. I observe that the King's name has been omitted from the charges and it has been properly omitted.

The Judge: Mr. Banker, do you plead guilty, or do you claim to be tried?

Mr. Banker: I plead guilty.

Sir J. Strangman then wanted the Judge to proceed with the trial fully; but the Judge said he did not agree with what had been said by the Council. The Judge said that from the time he knew he was going to try the case, he had thought over the question of sentence and he was prepared to hear anything that the Counsel might have to say, or Mr. Gandhi wished to say, on the sentence. He honestly did not believe that the mere recording of evidence in the trial which Counsel had called for would make any difference to them, one way or the other. He, therefore, proposed to accept the pleas.

Mr. Gandhi smiled at this decision.

The Judge said nothing further remained but to pass sentence and before doing so, he would like to hear Sir J. T. Strangman. He was entitled to base his general remarks on the charges against the accused and on their pleas.

Sir J. T. Strangman: It will be difficult to do so. I ask the Court that the whole matter may be properly considered. If I state what has happened before the Committing Magistrate, then I can show that there are many things which are material to the question of the sentence.

The first point, he said, he wanted to make out, was that the matter which formed the subject of the present charges formed a part of the campaign to spread disaffection openly and systematically to render Government impossible and to overthrow it. The earliest article that was put in from *Young India* was dated 25th May, 1921, which said that it was the duty of a non-co-operator to create disaffection towards the Government. The counsel then read out portions of articles written by Mr. Gandhi in the *Young India.*

Court said nevertheless it seemed to it that the court could accept plea on the materials of which the sentence had to be based.

Sir J. Strangman said the question of sentence was

entirely for the Court to decide. The Court was always entitled to deal in a more general manner in regard to the question of the sentence than the particular matter resulting in the conviction. He asked leave to refer to articles before the Court and what result might have been produced, if the trial had proceeded in order to ascertain what the facts were. He was not going into any matter which involved dispute.

The Judge said there was not the least objection. Sir J. Strangman said he wanted to show that these articles were not isolated. They formed part of an organized campaign, but so far as *Young India* was concerned, they would show that from the year 1921. The Counsel then read out extracts from the paper, dated June 8, on the duty of a non-co-operator, which was to preach disaffection toward the existing government and preparing the country for civil disobedience. Then in the same number there was an article on disobedience. Then in the same number there was an article on Disaffection—a virtue or something to that effect. Then there was an article on the 28th of July, 1921, in which it was stated that "we have to destroy the system." Again, on September 30, 1921, there was an article headed, "Punjab Prosecutions" where it was stated that a non-co-operator worthy his name should preach disaffection. That was all so far as *Young India* was concerned. They were earlier in date than the article, "Tampering with Loyalty," and it was referred to the Governor of Bombay. Continuing, he said the accused was a man of high educational qualifications and evidently from his writings a recognized leader. The harm that was likely to be caused was considerable. They were the writings of an educated man, and not the writings of an obscure man and the Court must consider to what the results of a campaign of the nature disclosed in the writings must inevitably lead. They had examples before them in the last few months. He referred to the occurrences in Bombay last November and Chouri-Choura, leading to murder and destruction of property, involving many people in misery and misfortune. It was true that in the course of those articles they would find Non-violence was insisted upon as an item of the campaign and as an item of the creed. But what was the use of preaching Non-violence when he preached disaffection toward Government or openly instigated others to overthrow it? The answer to that question appeared to him to come from Chouri-Choura, Madras and Bombay. These were circumstances which he asked the Court to take into account in sentencing the accused and it would be for the Court to consider those circumstances which involve sentences of severity.

As regards the second accused, his offense was lesser. He did the publishing and he did not write. His offense nevertheless was a serious one. His instructions were that he was a man of means and he asked the Court to impose a substantial fine in addition to such term of imprisonment as might be inflicted upon. He quoted section 10 of the Press Act as bearing on the question of fine. When making a fresh declaration, he said a deposit of Rs. 1,000 to Rs. 10,000 was asked in many cases.

Court: Mr. Gandhi, do you wish to make a statement on question of sentence?

Mr. Gandhi: I would like to make a statement.

Court: Could you give me the writing to put it on record?

Mr. Gandhi: I shall give it as soon as I finish it reading.

Before reading his written statement, Mr. Gandhi spoke a few words as introductory remarks to the whole statement. He said: Before I read this statement I would like to state that I entirely endorse the learned Advocate General's remarks in connection with my humble self. I think that he was entirely fair to me in all the statements that he has made, because it is very true and I have no desire whatsoever to conceal from this Court the fact that to preach disaffection towards the existing system of Government has become almost a passion with me, and the learned Advocate General is also entirely in the right when he says that my preaching of disaffection did not commence with my connection with *Young India,* but that it commenced much earlier and in the statement that I am about to read, it will be my painful duty to admit before this Court that it commenced much earlier than the period stated by the Advocate General. It is the most painful duty with me but I have to discharge that duty knowing the responsibility that rests upon my shoulders, and I wish to endorse all the blame that the learned Advocate General has thrown on my shoulders in connection with the Bombay occurrences, Madras occurrences and the Chauri-Chaura occurrences. Thinking over these deeply and sleeping over them night after night, it is impossible for me to dissociate myself from the diabolical crimes of Chauri-Chaura or the mad outrages of Bombay. He is quite right when he says, that as a man of responsibility, a man having received a fair share of education, having had a fair share of experience of this world, I should have known the consequences of every one of my acts. I knew that I was playing with fire. I ran the risk and if I was set free I would still do the same. I have felt it this morning that I would have failed in my duty, if I did not say what I said here just now.

I wanted to avoid violence. I want to avoid violence, Non-violence is the first article of my faith. It is also the last article of my creed. But I had to make my choice. I had either to submit to a system which I considered had done an irreparable harm to my country, or incur the risk of the mad fury of my people bursting forth, when they understood the truth from my lips. I know that my people have sometimes gone mad. I am deeply sorry for it and I am therefore here to submit not to a light penalty but to the highest penalty. I do not ask for mercy. I do not plead any extenuating act. I am here, therefore, to invite and cheerfully submit to the highest penalty that can be inflicted upon me, for what in law is a deliberate crime and what appears to me to be the highest duty of a citizen. The only course open to you, the Judge, is as I am just going to say in my statement either to resign your post, or inflict on me the severest penalty, if you believe that the system and law you are assisting to administer are good for the people. I do not expect that kind of conversion, but by the time I have finished with my statement you will perhaps have a glimpse of what is raging within my breast to run this maddest risk which a sane man can run. The statement was then read out.

STATEMENT.

"I owe it perhaps to the Indian public and to the public in England to placate which this prosecution is mainly taken up that I should explain why from a

staunch loyalist and co-operator I have become an uncompromising disaffectionist and non-co-operator. To charge of promoting disaffection towards the Government established by law in India.
the court too I should say why I plead guilty to the

My public life began in 1893 in South Africa in troubled weather. My first contact with British authority in that country was not of a happy character. I discovered that as a man and an Indian I had no rights. More correctly I discovered that I had no rights as a man because I was an Indian.

But I was not baffled. I thought that this treatment of Indians was an excrescence upon a system that was intrinsically and mainly good. I gave the Government my voluntary and hearty co-operation, criticising it freely where I felt it was faulty but never wishing its destruction.

Consequently when the existence of the Empire was threatened in 1899 by the Boer challenge, I offered my services to it, raised a volunteer ambulance corps and served at several actions that took place for the relief of Ladysmith. Similarly in 1906 at the time of the Zulu revolt I raised a stretcher-bearer party and served till the end of the 'rebellion.' On both these occasions I received medals and was even mentioned in despatches. For my work in South Africa I was given by Lord Hardinge a Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal. When the war broke out in 1914 between England and Germany I raised a volunteer ambulance corps in London consisting of the then resident Indians in London, chiefly students. Its work was acknowledged by the authorities to be valuable. Lastly in India when a special appeal was made at the War Conference in Delhi in 1918 by Lord Chelmsford for recruits, I struggled at the cost of my health to raise a corps in Kheda and the response was being made when the hostilities ceased and orders were received that no more recruits were wanted. In all these efforts at service I was actuated by the belief that it was possible by such services to gain a status of full equality in the Empire for my countrymen.

The first shock came in the shape of the Rowlatt Act, a law designed to rob the people of all real freedom. I felt called upon to lead an intensive agitation against it. Then followed the Punjab horrors beginning with the massacre at Jallianwala Bag and culminating in crawling orders, public floggings and other indescribable humiliations. I discovered too that the plighted word of the Prime Minister to the Mussulmans of India regarding the integrity of Turkey and the holy places of Islam was not likely to be fulfilled. But in spite of the forebodings and the grave warnings of friends, at the Amritsar Congress in 1919 I fought for co-operation and working the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, hoping that the Prime Minister would redeem his promise to the Indian Mussulmen, that the Punjab wound would be healed and that the reforms inadequate and unsatisfactory though they were, marked a new era of hope in the life of India.

But all that hope was shattered. The Khilafat promise was not to be redeemed. The Punjab crime was white-washed and most culprits went not only unpunished but remained in service and some continued to draw pensions from the Indian revenue, and in some cases were even rewarded. I saw too that not only did the reforms not mark a change of heart, but they were only a method of further draining India of her wealth and of prolonging her servitude.

I came reluctantly to the conclusion that the British connection had made India more helpless than she ever was before, politically and economically. A disarmed India has no power of resistance against any aggressor if she wanted to engage in an armed conflict with him. So much is this the case that some of our best men consider that India must take generations before she can achieve the Dominion status. She has become so poor that she has little power of resisting famines. Before the British advent India spun and wove in her millions of cottages just the supplement she needed for adding to her meagre agricultural resources. This cottage industry, so vital for India's existence, has been ruined by incredibly heartless and inhuman processes as described by English witnesses. Little do town-dwellers know how the semi-starved masses of India are slowly sinking to lifelessness. Little do they know that their miserable comfort represents the brokerage they get for the work they do for the foreign exploiter, that the profits and the brokerage are sucked from the masses. Little do they realize that the Government established by law in British India is carried on for the exploitation of the masses. No sophistry, no jugglery in figures can explain away the evidence that the skeletons in many villages present to the naked eye. I have no doubt whatsoever that both England and the town dwellers of India will have to answer, if there is a God above, for this crime against humanity which is perhaps unequalled in history. The law itself in this country has been used to serve the foreign exploiter. My unbiased examination of the Punjab Martial Law cases has led me to believe that at least ninety-five per cent of convictions were wholly bad. My experience of political cases in India leads me to the conclusion that in nine out of every ten the condemned men were totally innocent. Their crime consisted in the love of their country. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred justice has been denied to Indians as against Europeans in the courts of India. This is not an exaggerated picture. It is the experience of almost every Indian who has had anything to do with such cases. In my opinion the administration of the law is thus prostituted consciously or unconsciously for the benefit of the exploiter.

The greatest misfortune is that Englishmen and their Indian associates in the administration of the country do not know that they are engaged in the crime I have attempted to describe. I am satisfied that many Englishmen and Indian officials honestly believe that they are administering one of the best systems devised in the world and that India is making steady though slow progress. They do not know that a subtle but effective system of terrorism and an organized display of force on the one hand. and the deprivation of all powers of retaliation or self-defense on the other, have emasculated the people and induced in them the habit of simulation. This awful habit has added to the ignorance and the self-deception of the administrators. Section 124A under which I am happily charged is perhaps the prince among the political sections of the Indian Penal Code designed to suppress the liberty of the citizen. Affecton cannot be manufactured or regulated by law. If one has no affection for a person or system one should be free to give the fullest expression to his disaffection, so long as he does not contemplate, promote or incite to violence. But the section under which Mr Banker and I are charged is

one under which mere promotion of disaffecton is a crime. I have studied some of the cases tried under it, and I know that some of the most loved of India's patriots have been convicted under it. I consider it a privilege, therefore, to be charged under that section. I have endeavored to give in their briefest outline the reasons for my disaffection. I have no personal ill-will against any single administrator, much less can I have any disaffection towards the King's person. But I hold it to be a virtue to be disaffected towards a Government which in its totality has done more harm to India than any previous system. India is less manly under the British rule than she ever was before. Holding such a belief, I consider it to be a sin to have affection for the system. And it has been a precious privilege for me to be able to write what I have in the various articles tendered in evidence against me.

In fact, I believe that I have rendered a service to India and England by showing in Non-co-operation the way out of the unnatural state in which both are living. In my humble opinion, non-co-operation with evil is as much a duty as is co-operation with good. But in the past- non-co-operation has been deliberately expressed in violence to the evil-doer. I am endeavoring to show to my countrymen that violent non-co-operation only multiplies evil and that as evil can only be sustained by violence, withdrawal of support of evil requires complete abstention from violence. Non-violence implies voluntary submission to the penalty for non-co-operation with evil. I am here, therefore, to invite and submit cheerfully to the highest penalty that can be inflicted upon me for what in law is a deliberate crime and what appears to me to be the highest duty of a citizen. The only course open to you, the Judge, is either to resign your post and thus dissociate yourself from evil, if you feel that the law you are called upon to administer is an evil and that in reality I am innocent; or to inflict on me the severest penalty if you believe that the system and the law you are assisting to administer are good for the people of this country and that my activity is therefore injurious to the public weal."

Mr. Banker: I only want to say that I had the privilege of printing these articles and I plead guilty to the charge. I have got nothing to say as regards the sentence.

The following is the full text of the judgment:

Mr. Gandhi, you have made my task easy in one way by pleading guilty to the charge. Nevertheless what remains, namely the determination of a just sentence, is perhaps as difficult a proposition as a judge in this country could have to face. The law is no respector of persons. Nevertheless it will be impossible to ignore the fact that you are in a different category from any person I have ever tried or am likely to have to try. It would be impossible to ignore the fact that in the eyes of millions of your countrymen, you are a great patriot and a great leader. Even those who differ from you in politics look upon you as a man of high ideals and of noble and of even saintly life. I have to deal with you in one character only. It is not my duty and I do not presume to judge or criticise you in any other character. It is my duty to judge you as a man subject to the law, who by his own admission has broken the law and committed what to an ordinary man must appear to be grave offense against the State. I do not forget that you have consistently preached against violence and that you have on many occasions, as I am willing to believe, done much to prevent violence. But having regard to the nature of your political teaching and the nature of many of those to whom it was addressed, how you could have continued to believe that violence would not be the inevitable consequence, it passes my capacity to understand.

There are probably few people in India, who do not sincerely regret that you should have made it impossible for any government to leave you at liberty. But it is so. I am trying to balance what is due to you against what appears to me to be necessary in the interest of the public, and I propose in passing sentence to follow the precedent of a case in many respects similar to this case that was decided some twelve years ago, I mean the case against Bal Gangadhar Tilak under the same section. The sentence that was passed upon him as it finally stood was a sentence of simple imprisonment for six years. You will not consider it unreasonable, I think, that you should be classed with Mr. Tilak, i. e., a sentence of two years' simple imprisonment on each count of the charge, six years in all, which I feel it my duty to pass upon you, and I should like to say in doing so that if the course of events in India should make it possible for the Government to reduce the period and release you, no one will be better pleased than I.

The Judge to Mr. Banker: I assume you have been to a large extent under the influence of your chief. The sentence that I propose to pass upon you is simple imprisonment for six months on each of the first two counts, that is to say, simple imprisonment for one year and a fine of a thousand rupees on the third count, with six months' simple imprisonment in default.

Mr. Gandhi said: I would say one word. Since you have done me the honor of recalling the trial of the late Lokmanya Bal Gangadhar Tilak, I just want to say that I consider it to be the proudest privilege and honor to be associated with his name. So far as the sentence itself is concerned, I certainly consider that it is as light as any judge would inflict on me, and so far as the whole proceedings are concerned I must say that I could not have expected greater courtesy.

Then the friends of Mr. Gandhi crowded round him as the Judge left the court and fell at his feet. There was much sobbing on the part of both men and women. But all the while Mr. Gandhi was smiling and cool and giving encouragement to everybody who came to him. Mr. Banker also was smiling and taking this in a light-hearted way. After all his friends had taken leave of him, Mr. Gandhi was taken out of the court to the Sabarmati Jail. And thus the great trial finished.

—*Young India.*

"The world that we must seek is a world in which the creative spirit is alive, in which life is an adventure full of joy and hope, based rather upon the impulse to construct than upon the desire to retain what we possess or to seize what is possessed by others. . . . Such a world is possible. It waits only for men to wish to create it."—*The World Tomorrow.*

"Whatever we treasure for ourselves separates us from others; our possessions are our limitations."

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

Is There No Other Way?*

Are war and preparations for war the only way to peace for us Americans?

We have 80,000,000 of people, we shall soon be 100,000,000. These people are the freest, richest, strongest in the world. There has never been a people equal to us in a habitat equal to ours.

By the tradition of Washington's policy and farewell message—a tradition continued till yesterday—and by our inter-oceanic isolation from Europe and Asia, we were shut off from the irritating collisions and the conquering temptations that have kept the rest of the world the prey of wars and rumors of wars for thousands of years.

Peace never had such a theater as the possession of this continent by this democracy has opened.

But every man of the world knows that this democracy is sliding rapidly down the ways which will launch it, like its own monster iron-clads, into the troubled sea—a sea of the storms of war.

The public men, the contract-seekers, the land dogs of war, and the sea dogs of war, the politicians who want a new supply of postoffices and territorial governorships, the "commerce" that needs new markets, because its methods have impoverished the old ones, the philanthropists who make armor-plate—none of these dare advocate war for war's sake. More cunning, they advocate war for peace's sake.

Some one could do public intelligence no better service than by making a catalogue of the various forms of popular stupidity. At the head of the list should be placed the matter-of-course acquiescence which the people instantly give to the argument that we must build men-of-war, organize great armies, spoil the entrances to our harbors with fortifications, and invent machines, more and more costly and cruel, for tearing our fellow creatures apart, for what? That we, already the strongest nation on this planet—may make ourselves safe!

If this is true, our civilization, our religion, our democracy, our wealth, are lies. But it is not true. There are ready to our hands means no nation nor group of nations could overcome which would enwrap us in a security against foreign attack as profound as the peace we have at home.

These means are the arts of peace. Peace, not war, is the path of peace. The people of the United States, were they in earnest to do so, could compel the disarmament of Europe in ninety days. The mere announcement of our resolve that war must stop, that armies must disband, that soldiers must plow, and men-of-war must be converted into ferry-boats would be enough. Our wealth, our wool, our cotton, our wheat and meat, our gold, are indispensable to the people of Europe. They can live 275 days out of 365 by themselves, but for the other ninety days they must come to us. We need only to apply to them the discipline the good mother gives the boy she catches fighting with his brother—send them to bed supperless. We produce nearly one-third of all the gold added each year to the currency of the world. In the last ten years we have sent more than a billion dollars' worth of food to Europe. England is all the time within a month of starvation.

A Tolstoyan Secretary of the Treasury who would show half as much zeal and ingenuity in manipulating Federal finance for the good of all as some secretaries show in manipulating them for Wall Street speculators, could easily elaborate a plan for financial and commercial pressure which would bring the debt-ridden, king-cursed, army-burdened regime of Europe in repentance to its knees. It would never be necessary to put the plan into operation. The publication of it would be enough.

This is Utopian? Oh, no! What the ruling powers of Europe and America are now doing is the Utopian thing. They are hurrying us down into an abyss of despotism, bankruptcy, and extermination. Every one sees it; they see it; and their only suggestion for escape is that we dig the abyss of debt, and hate, and destruction, deeper, and double the speed of our descent. More cruisers! More guns! More recruits, is their cry.

We must turn some time from all this folly. Why not turn now?

In this wilderness of witlessness into which we have been led by statesmen, diplomatists, capitalists and parsons, there is one company of citizens who have kept their heads and hearts. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Sedan, the German Socialists sent by telegraph to the French Socialists "a greeting and a clasp of the hands and a hurrah for international solidarity." It is a bright spot in a dark sky that there is organized in the actual world of affairs a political party growing stronger every day in Europe and America, now numbering millions of Germans, French, Italians, English, and Americans who reject fundamentally the politics, the political economy, the morale, and the religions of the gods of Bargains and Battles.

—Henry Demarest Lloyd.

*Written April 12, 1903.

BOUNTY.

Pour God's pure wine of life into the spirit's cup
And bid all people come and sup.
Pour God's full grace on ready dish
And let them all share bread and fish.

Spread amplest board; nor skimp, nor hoard—
Enough for all God can afford.
Be bountiful and generous
And all can feed as well as us.

No stingy soul has God at hand,
Nor people high and proudly grand;
But of a poor man's very least
Can God prepare His holy feast.

One crust—and there is much to share,
Now we have learned with God to care.
Yea! Bread and meat are vastly sweet
When love of love makes all complete!

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

Joseph Andrew Galahad!

A Tribute

Joseph Andrew Galahad, the invalid poet of Portland, Oregon, whose poems have been slowly finding their way into countless hearts during the last few years, passed away on April 13, at the age of 33, after years of intense suffering and exquisite beauty.

His whole life was tragic. His mother died of tuberculosis at his birth. Not many years later his father died. Always frail, handicapped by failing eyesight while still a lad at school; for the last ten years a victim of tuberculosis, enduring the most terrible operations on his lungs; seeing all the pure hopes of his young manhood frustrated;—he never flinched. To the end he tried to make every minute count, working constantly beyond his physical strength. He was never up from his bed after May 1920, yet he called the last two years the "full, rich years" of his life.

He had one rare blessing, a devoted half-sister, who not only loved, but also appreciated and understood him. She was almost the only one to enter his room and she it was who ministered to his every need during those years of pain and heroism. Her greatest desire today is to gain for his poems the recognition that he could not live to enjoy.

He carried on a large correspondence and those who tried through letters to bring cheer into his life, invariably found that it was he who radiated blessings upon all who wrote to him.

His poem "Argosy," quoted in this number from *Contemporary Verse,* August 1921, shows how heroically his spirit soared.

By his loveliness of soul he cast a halo over the lives of all who came into close touch with him, his one wish being to pass on a message of love and cheer for the uplift of his fellowmen. We, who, though never seeing him in the flesh, were admitted into the Holy of Holies of his pure spirit, have been bathed in a glory that will never pass away.

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

Sweet soul, adieu!
Your little while is done.
The task that seemed to you
But just begun,
Is finished. God well knew
When to recall His dauntless, patient son!

True, generous friend!
We would not slack your sail!
The house you left is dark,
Yet may our "HAIL!
Hail and farewell, brave bark!"—
Speed you upon your glowing glory trail.

DOMBEY SHEPHERD.

ARGOSY.

"Build me a sturdy galleon—
Charter the seven seas—
Ring me a crew from the heavenly blue—
And name her whatever you please:
But build me a sturdy galleon—
Set me a flowing sail—
And give me a West wind blowing
That shall not fail!"

This was the tune that I used to sing
When the morn of my life was fresh;
When I stood in the strength of my boyhood
And was strange to the ills of flesh.
I ran on a wide and crescent beach;
I laughed at the waves that I could not reach.
I shook my fist at the sea,
And cried—(with a joy in me
That was bigger and stronger
And better than I)
"Ah-ha! I shall play on you by and by!"

But the sea rolled on—
And the years rolled on—
And I counted the waves
That had come and gone:
Never a good ship builder
Had answered to my call:
And never a sturdy galleon
My feet had known at all:
And never a West wind—
Never a hail—
From a faery crew
Out of the blue —
Never a sail!

But a great wild storm wind,
Shaking the trees,
Came out from the East
And bent my knees:
Bent my knees and broke my heart
And tore my hopes and dreams
Apart:
Stripped my soul—
Like a worm-eaten leaf:
Dried me as dry as an autumn sheaf:
Wound me in pain—
Like a spool in thread—
Spun me around to a dizzy head:
Unwound me again —
Again—again—
Then wound me up tighter
With ogreish glee—
That's what the storm wind did to me.

But whiles it grew tired—
More tired than I—
It, being the weaker,
Gave over—to die.
And I lay, wracked,
On a quiet bed,
And shouted aloud
At the storm wind's shroud
And the joy that was not dead.

"Build thee a sturdy galleon—
Charter the seven seas?
For the heart there are other oceans—
There are other ships than these.
I have builded it slim—
And straight and fine:
A beautiful ship
With a swallow's line:
And it rocks outside your window—
Whether East or West wind fail:
Open the sash—
And step outside—
And sail!"

Never a word I answered,
But I thought—"Who mocks me thus?"
And a voice like a reed tone answered:
"I mock no one—
I am Aeriphus.
I am the hope you used to know—
I am the joy you used to be:
I am the wind—
And the ship—
And the ocean—
Come out for a sail with me!
I am the comber racing—
I am the calm control
Of all the unseen forces:
I am your unleashed soul!"

So I leaned and opened the window—
And left my body there:
The poor old tattered clay house,
With the cotton wool in its hair.
No more the four walls hold me,
And compass me about:
The sea gulls hear,
And answered
The psalm of joy
That is my shout.

I have built me a sturdy galleon—
I have chartered the seven seas—
And the rims of other planets
When I tire of the earth and these.
I refuse the role of Atlas—
Whatever winds may fail,
Aeriphus waits
By the outer Gates—
I sail!
I sail!

—*Joseph Andrew Galahad.*

Isaiah 52—A New and Modern Interpretation!

Awake, arise O Truth, reveal thy strength by demonstrating thy emancipating power. Then shall the habitations of men become holy cities. For they shall be clothed in the beautiful garments of justice, and tyrant rulers and seditious teachers shall no longer menace the peace and goodwill of the Citizens thereof.

Shake thyself from the blinding dust of immoral Social science, O City; loose thyself from the enslaving chains of blaspheming, atheistic dogma, O Religion.

For thus saith the Lord "Ye have sold yourselves for nought, but ye shall be redeemed," for "ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price."

For thus saith the Lord God, My children went forth to comply with my command to win, by the sweat of their brows, the bread of life; but the cunning and the selfish secured monopoly and vested rights wherewith to enslave and oppress them.

What have I here? saith the Lord. My children are robbed, and they that rule over them make their lives a mockery, and my name has become a reproach.

But my children shall know that I am their Father, and that my love for them is made manifest in the beneficence of the law I ordained for their observance.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth my law to my people, that revealeth the way of its application so that peace be established, goodness to abound, and salvation to cover the earth.

The seekers of Truth shall hail him with gladness. Together shall they lift up their voices, and make known that God is Good, and God is Love; for they shall see eye to eye when they behold the risen Truth.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste and stricken habitations of Men. For the Father is come to his children to deliver them from the parasite and the exploiter.

For the Lord shall make bare his arm through the power of the ballot-box, and the polling-booth shall make possible the doing of his will on earth as it is done in heaven, and all the ends of the earth shall see the triumph of right over might.

Depart ye, depart ye, go ye out from thence—ye, who, in the name of the Lord have confounded truth with error; ye who have dethroned justice and exalted privilege in the statutes of the Senate. For they that bear the vessels of the Lord shall touch no unclean thing, and their counsel shall make impossible the confounding of the things which belong to God with the things which belong to Man.

The Truth shall make men free. Its ambassadors shall not be hustled or put to flight, when the book of the law is read with the sense and understanding which make clear its meaning and purpose to the minds of the children of men.

For the heart of man responds to truth when its beauty is laid bare to the eyes of the soul. But the face of truth has been marred by creed and dogma, its form has been twisted and distorted by sectarian strife to such degree that but an ugly and repulsive caricature has been presented to men's vision.

But the risen and awakened Truth shall stand forth in all its loveliness. It shall sprinkle the nations with its healing power. And usurping Kings shall close their mouths in its presence, for that which had not been told them shall they see.

And seeing, they will realize that the parliament of man and the federation of the world shall henceforth, with truth as its alchemy, lead the people in the ways of peace, goodwill, beauty and brotherhood.

Huddersfield, England.

JOHN ARCHER.

THE POET.

A poet lived in Galilee,
Whose mother dearly knew him—
And his beauty like a cooling tree
Drew many people to him.

He loved the speech of simple men
And little children's laughter,
He came—they always came again.
He went—they followed after.

He had sweet-hearted things to say,
And he was solemn only
When people were unkind . . . that day
He'd stand there straight and lonely,

And tell them what they ought to do:
"Love other folk," he pleaded,
"As you love me and I love you!"
But almost no one heeded.

A poet died in Galilee,
They stared at him and slew him. . .
What would they do to you and me
If we could say we knew him?

—*Witter Bynner.*

The Study Table

Two Books About Japan

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES. Payson J. Treat. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

This book is a most valuable contribution to a sympathetic knowledge of the Japanese people on the part of a historical scholar who knows them well and who understands the conditions under which they are making their way from feudalism to democracy. With the exception of the first chapter, explanatory of certain Japanese conditions, the volume is made up of twelve lectures delivered in each of four leading universities in Japan in the fall of 1921. It has the double function of assisting the Japanese to understand America and that, perhaps the more difficult, of helping Americans to understand Japan. For Japan is permeated by scholars and business men who have already a fair comprehension of our purposes and ways. Especially influential among these are the students, upwards of three thousand in number educated in America and England. These men each thoroughly loyal to his Alma Mater are prominent as teachers, administrators, and engineers, and wholly adverse to the militarist ideals which rule certain operations in Japan. It is not often that these men have place in the politics of Tokyo for they are liable to be affected with "dangerous doctrines" from the standpoint of the "elder statesmen." But with each new generation, this becomes a "young men's world" and the same life currents flow through Japan as through America and Europe.

> The constant stream of Japanese students to American schools and universities has been one of the strongest elements in developing and keeping alive the good relations between the two countries which, in spite of temporary misunderstandings still persists. In America the Japanese students were representatives and interpreters of their native land * * * Americans who came in contact with them soon learned to appreciate the good qualities * * * And on their return, they proved even more effective interpreters of America to their own people * * * It would be a cheap investment if each county would arrange to send as many of their young * * * to study in the other. Even if the cost should run into the millions it would be a cheap insurance against the dangers of misunderstanding.

The details of the passing of feudalism and the rise of New Japan are justly and accurately given by Professor Treat. He presents an especially sagacious account of the blind revulsion of feeling at the end of the war with Russia. American sympathy during the war was strongly but ignorantly on the side of the nation supposed to be the "under dog." Later the same ignorance allowed malice to depict Japan as a mighty military autocracy bent on the conquest of China, North Australia, Java, Indo-China, British Columbia, and even of California.

> And a very alarming prediction was one in which Japan would organize the wealth and man-power of China to provide and equip the armies which would revive the days of Ghengis Khan and create a real "Yellow Peril."

For none of these fears was there ever the slightest foundation. But general ignorance furnished a fruitful soil for rumor. "So few people in either country really know much about the other—for to understand is to pardon—and it is so easy to suspect the motives of a stranger."

The varied relations of Japan to China and to the Western World are lucidly explained. The dual administration of Japan, the military being imperfectly subject to civil control, has led the nation into costly blunders. For these the remedy is internal. A strong body of Japanese scholars are eager to repair the mistakes already made in Siberia, Korea and China. The remedy for these errors does not come through outside threats. As a matter of fact the Japanese militarist are fighting with their backs against the wall for very existence, and mainly supported by the fear of America so assiduously stimulated by our yellow press, and by the advocates of big navies and great armies on both sides. And the allaying of this fear in Japan and the abatement of war propaganda in America has been the great achievement of the Washington Conference.

The so-called Japanese problem in America is comparatively simple. People of different races and different culture or absences of culture, do not easily get along together. Differences which thus arise furnish leverage for demagogues, and in California a "Japanese Menace" arises to haunt each Congressional election. Except for its shorter period of incubation it has much in common with the seven year locust.

The following matters are to be considered in this connection:

The United States has already a surplus of alien immigrants.

In California, popular feeling is opposed to further increase from overflowing Asia.

There has been no immigration of consequence from Japan since 1908.

There is no evidence of violation of the "Gentlemen's Agreement" of Root and Takahira in 1907.

The bulk of the farm immigrants in California came from Hawaii after the annexation in 1900. When the islands were taken about half the population was Japanese; a condition which still holds. There is now no serious problem in Hawaii where the races all pride themselves in getting on together. The Japanese generally are sober, industrious, and law-abiding. The young Japanese take readily to American ideas and ways, more readily than immigrants from some parts of Europe. "The Japanese came to the West to learn what the West can give."

The California Alien Land Act does not represent the average sentiment of California. It was passed by a referendum, about 600,000 voting for it, 200,000 against, in a total vote of about 1,300,000. The negative vote included broadly speaking, the Chambers of Commerce, the churches and the schools. It is bad policy for a state to interfere in international matters. It is doubtful whether a state can legally make by artificial division two groups of aliens. Until this matter is tested in the Supreme Court, the United States is powerless to interfere.

It would be better to substitute a formal treaty for the Root-Takahira convention. Not that the latter is ineffective, but being unofficial it is subject to attacks.

The present condition represents "a maximum of irritation with a minimum of effectiveness." It will in one way or another be rationalized. "Time is the great solvent of present problems. And contact between races presents no insoluble difficulties—none which time and a mutual desire to be reasonable and fair cannot remove."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country,
to do good is my Religion"

BARS AND SHADOWS.

A book of prison poems written by Ralph Chaplin, who was convicted under the Espionage Act, and is now serving a twenty year sentence, in the Leavenworth Penitentiary. The book also contains an introduction by Scott Nearing.

The book is one dollar, post paid (six copies for five dollars; fifteen copies for ten dollars). It may be secured by addressing Mrs. Edith Chaplin, 7 East 15th Street, New York City.

Every penny above the actual cost of manufacturing and of mailing the book goes to Mrs. Chaplin and her little son.

Scott Nearing, In His Introduction, Says:—

Chaplin's work speaks for itself. Some of the poems were written in Leavenworth Prison and published in the prison paper. Others were written during the tedious months of the Chicago trial, when the men were kept in the Cook County jail. Chaplin has had ample time to work them out. Christmas, 1921, was the fifth consecutive Christmas that he has spent in prison. The poems bear the impress of the bars, but they ring with the glad vigor of a free spirit that bars cannot contain.

The reader of Chaplin's prison poems unavoidably makes three mental comments:

1. When poems so reserved, so vigorous; so penetrating, so melodious, so beautiful, come from behind jail bars, it is high time that thinking men and women awoke to the fate that awaits bold dreamers and singers under the present order in the United States.

2. Men are not silenced when steel doors clang behind them. Free spirits are as free behind the bars as they are under the open sky. The jail, as a gag, is impotent. While it may master the body, it cannot contain the soul.

3. The new order in America is already finding its voice. Although it is so young, and so immature, it is speaking with an accent of gifted authority.

Chaplin is not a dangerous man—except as his ideas are dangerous to the existing order of society. His presence in the penitentiary, under a twenty year sentence, indicates how dangerous those ideas are considered by the masters of American public life. Rich those masters are—fabulously rich; and strong they may be, yet so insecure do they feel themselves that they are constrained to hold in prison this dreamer and singer of the new social order.

Chaplin, in prison, like Debs in prison, is doing his work. He is resisting the encroachments of those jail demons—hate, bitterness, revenge; he is holding his mind on the goal—a newer, better social order; he is keeping his vision of nature, of humanity, of brotherhood, of courage, of love, of beauty,—clear and bright. Chaplin, the man, is in jail; but Chaplin the poet and singer is roaming wherever books go; wherever papers are read, and wherever comrades repeat verses to one another in the flickering light of the evening fire.

PRISON NOCTURNE

Out side the storm is swishing to and fro;
The wet wind hums its colorless refrain;
Against the walls and dripping bars, the rain
Beats with a rhythm like a song of woe;
Dimmed by the lightning's ever-fitful glow
The purple arc-lamps blur each streaming pane;
The thunder rumbles at the distant plain,
The cells are hushed and silent, row on row.

Fall, fruitful drops, upon the parching earth,
Fall, and revive the living sap of spring;
Blossom the fields with wonder once again!
And, in all hearts, awaken to new birth
Those visions and endeavors that will bring
A fresh, sweet morning to the world of men!

MOURN NOT THE DEAD

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie—
Dust unto dust—
The calm, sweet earth that mothers all who die
As all men must;
Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell—
Too strong to strive—
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell,
Buried alive;

But rather mourn the apathetic throng—
The cowed and the meek—
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak!

TO MY LITTLE SON

I cannot lose the thought of you,
It haunts me like a little song,
It blends with all I see or do
Each day, the whole day long.

The train, the lights, the engine's throb,
And that one stinging memory;
Your brave smile broken with a sob,
Your face pressed close to me.

Lips trembling far too much to speak;
The arms that would not come undone;
The kiss so salty on your cheek;
The long, long trip begun.

I could not miss you more it seemed,
But now I don't know what to say.
It's harder than I ever dreamed
With you so far away.

PHANTOMS

Ghost of a mountain
And ghost of a moon;
Night birds sink droopingly
Over the dune.

Clouds drifting hazily
Stars blurring through;
Darkness come close to me—
Darkness and you.

Mist on the water
And mist in the sky;
Netted with silver
The waves ripple by.

Ghost of a solitude
Lit with dead stars.
You have your memories
I have my bars!

THE REAL JAPANESE QUESTION. K. K. Kawakami. The Macmillan Company, New York.

In this volume, the author, a Japanese journalist, for seven years resident in California, gives a plain statement of the facts regarding the Japanese in America. So far as I can see, all matters pertinent are frankly and accurately stated. The work makes no pretense to erudition or to literary style. It is largely a compendium of details and may be strongly commended to the attention of sincere people who may have been influenced by the undiscriminating anti-Japanese propaganda which issues from California at election-time and which has been given volume if not veracity by imperialistic blunders in Asia, on the part of the Japanese.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

THE YELLOW PERIL.

They see you as a calculating race,
Reading into your calm and curious stealth
A grim suspicion. In the market-place
You are usurpers, bartering for wealth
Not yours by right, and in the home and school
Your brilliancy purports a base design.
But underneath the mask, deliberate, cool,
That you assume, I see your spirit shine.

You are a race of children, in whose hands
Life is at once more serious, more gay,
Than elders find it. Born of foreign lands,
Not quite at ease you go your separate way—
As children, unacquainted, who yet know
Hunger for friendship, that they dare not show.

HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER.

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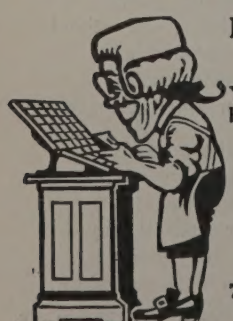

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